

THE

# SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 28.

JANUARY, 1856.

No. 5

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

## Havre Chaplaincy.

### SAILORS IN AMERICAN SHIPS.

Havre, Oct. 26, 1855.

It is now about 20 years since I made my first voyage to Europe, as Chaplain to American and British Seamen in this port. Since which time I have been no careless observer of the progress of human events, nor have I watched with indifference the ever varying phases of society consequent thereupon.

So great and so rapid have been the changes within that time, in some of the mutable things of earth, that it is not a little difficult at times, for us to recognize his own identity, and not to feel, that he belongs to another race; or that he is a kind of connecting link between this, and some other world. But in no department of human affairs has there been a greater change than is to be found in the character of American Sailors, or rather the SAILORS that man our American Ships. I speak, not of the Masters and Officers, for they are generally AMERICANS—and the same noble, trust-worthy men as in former

years; I speak of sailors before the mast. *American Sailors* and *sailors* of American ships, are no longer synonymous or convertible terms—once they were. The time was when our ships were manned by the hardy sons of New England, who had been nurtured and trained in the nursery of pious, praying mothers—had been taught whilst young to bow their necks to the yoke, and to submit, without a murmur, to the solemn rebukes and inflexible laws of a just, though stern, inexorable father; and, however they may have broken these bands asunder, and cast these cords from them, there were still to be found unmistakable traces of their early training. There were the whisperings of an enlightened conscience that could not be hushed; the perpetual ringing in the ears of a father's counsels, that could never be silenced, and the indentations made upon their hearts, by the continual droppings of a mother's tears, were too deep ever to be effaced. This made them an interesting, hopeful class of men—there was soil to work upon—the Christian and the Christian minister could then labor and pray in faith and hope—they could sow, it

may be, in tears, but could also reap in joy. But now, what are the facts on this subject? What the changes which the lapse of twenty years have wrought in our marine, merchant service? I have taken no little pains, since my return here, to collect facts on this subject, and the result of my painstaking is, the settled conviction, that not more than *one in twenty* of the sailors that man our American ships to foreign ports, are *native born Americans*. Irish, German, Spaniards, Italians, indeed a mixture of almost all other nations and languages make up the balance; in fact, many of our ships are like floating Babels—the confusion of tongues. On our last voyage from New York to Havre—out of a crew of twenty-four men and boys that manned our noble ship—only *one* was found to be an American by birth, and he born in Virginia; and out of the whole number, only six proved to be *sailors* by profession. The others were the mere dregs, raked up from the ditches and sewers of New York, and shipped as sailors to answer some sinister end, of which we will more fully speak hereafter.

I visit the sailor's boarding houses—I go on board the ships—I address myself to sailors—the first does not understand a word I say, the second understands a little, but can answer only in monosyllables, the third is a little farther advanced, speaks and understands better, but his brogue and accent betray his origin. From the boarding houses and ships, I go to the hospital—that receptacle of the sick and the dying. On entering the ward, I speak to the first sailor I come to; he shakes his head, I understand him and pass on. I address the next in English, then in French; I receive the same answer, *a shake of the head*. A poor fellow upon the third couch then raises himself up, leans upon his elbow, and tells me that “neither of them understands English.” But, “are they not from American ships?” I inquire. “O yes, we are all from the same ship.” “But how is it that they can perform their duty as sailors, without understanding our language?” “O, by follow-

ing us, and doing as we do,” was the reply. Now, I could fill pages with just such facts, all illustrative of the changes which have taken place in the character and language of our marine population. As to the causes which have operated to produce these changes, I need not speak; they are probably numerous and varied—the rapid and extraordinary increase of our commerce; the opening of gold mines, and other fields of enterprise, have doubtless been among the most fruitful. But of one thing there can be no doubt—that Chaplains to American Seamen in foreign ports, have a very different work to perform, and very different materials to work upon, than they had in former years. The very A B C of gospel truth has to be taught; these dark minds have to receive the first ray of spiritual light,—and as to conscience, none can be found—it has to be created anew. Well may we ask, “Who is sufficient for these things?” It is like the beginning of a mission in a pagan land, with this disadvantage, that the missionary there may safely calculate upon the same pupils from day to day, and thus, “give them line upon line,” while we are like sportsmen amid flocks of birds; if we obtain a good shot to-day, to-morrow they are beyond our reach. Nor is their foreign origin, foreign language, or their migratory habits the only, or even the worst evils, which we find interlaced with this class of our population.

#### HOW SAILORS ARE MANUFACTURED.

Whence come the swarms of pretented sailors that now man our ships? In what schools have they been educated? Where were they taught their perilous and responsible duties? We have already hinted to the gutters and sewers of New York city, but the six thousand grog shops will undoubtedly claim the honor of giving them their first lessons; these are but the preparatory schools; they graduate and receive their diplomas in the ditches, the polluted dens and brothels of the city. Since taking up my pen, Captain B., one of our old friends, formerly in the Havre trade,



but now commanding one of the largest ships in the Liverpool line, has called to see me, and in conversation with him on this subject, he declared to me, "that for years, so multiform have been the evils, and so various the arts of deception in the shipping of crews, that in getting fairly out to sea, if he found on trial, that *one-half* of his crew were true men, in reality *sailors*, he always felt like returning thanks to God for his good fortune; if only a *moiety* of the whole proved to be the mere refuse, the sweepings of European prisons, thieves and robbers, making a voyage simply to plunder, he thought himself indeed a lucky man;" and then added, "that on his last recent voyage, out of a crew of twenty-five, not a single American could be found—all of foreign birth—and some half-dozen no better than pirates, one of whom made an attempt upon his life with a slung-shot."

Sometimes a crew is composed of more pliable and less dangerous stuff, though equally inefficient, manufactured out of a kind of general assortment, resembling the old-fashioned country stores, that included every thing, from a darning needle to a hand saw, a cotton handkerchief to a hogshead of New England rum—farmers, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and what not, have from various motives and causes, been suddenly worked up from the raw materials into something superfine for ship service. A single instance must serve as an illustration.

#### THE FARMER SAILOR.

Just as one of the Havre packets, this last summer, was getting ready for sea, and at a time when the price of a sailor was at a premium, there was seen walking in the streets of New York a plain, simple hearted farmer, fresh from his plough, and but a few hours from his home on Staten Island, where he had a snug little property, and an amiable family; stepping into one of those preparatory schools, intending, no doubt, to take only the first lesson, he proved such an apt scholar, and made such prodigious strides in all the essential

qualifications of a modern patent Jack, that ere he was aware, he had doffed his plain farmer suit, and was metamorphosed into a regular bred sailor, with enormous trowsers covered with grease and tar, and jacket to match; a tarpaulin hat had taken the place of his beaver, and in a belt, he sported a big knife at his side; with so significant a costume, who could forbid his being hoisted into the ship like a bale of cotton, and his name enrolled upon the ship's list of able seamen. To be sure, he was ignorant of his own transmutation, but what of that; what need he care, so long as his factor, or rather his manufacturer, was on hand, to make all his bargains, receive his advanced wages, pay his little *et ceteras*, his grog bills, his new suit of old clothes, his lodgings, and other things too numerous to mention! and besides, who can be better qualified to testify to his seamanship than the man who made him! But the time for his return to consciousness was hastening on; the few noble sailors made in the old-fashioned way, had been able to manage the ship, as she quietly glided out of the harbor, while the newly manufactured ones were lying about the ship unconscious of what was going on around them, 'till at length, as the liquid fires, with which they had been drugged, began to die out, and the ship began to heave and toss upon the angry waves; then, like so many reptiles, feeling the first warmth of returning spring, they began to crawl about the decks and awake to consciousness, and among them is this simple hearted farmer. From this drunken debauch he awakes just in time to espy in the dim distance, his beautiful Island, on which was his little farm, his family, and his all, dwindling slowly into a little speck upon the horizon. At first he is bewildered, at length his true position flashes like a sunbeam upon his soul. He looks despairingly around him; not a familiar object meets his eye, no smiling face to greet him; he bursts into tears; he weeps like a child. The cogitations of his heart now trouble him; he thinks of his distressed family, that need to be com-

orted; his ripening harvest that needs to be gathered; but what could he do? Submission seems impossible; to escape is equally so. Despair and desperation settle down upon his troubled soul; his thoughts run back, and he broods over the past trials of his life: they are all as nothing to the present. He had been from home before, but it was of his own choosing; he had toiled hard before, but he was his own master, and master of his own work; he had ploughed many an acre of ground without pain or weariness, but the thought of ploughing six thousand miles of salt water before he could again see his family, was too intolerable to be borne. On his own little farm he was at home and at ease; he knew the use of the rake, the hoe, and the spade, but in this new field of labor, what could he do? He knew not a spanker from a mainsail, a flying jib from a topgallant. He wept, he sighed, he groaned, but all in vain; the winds and the seas would not obey him; every heaving surge bore him farther and farther from his home, and every object dear to his heart. Fortunately, on his arrival here, a steamer was just leaving for New York; the kind-hearted captain releasing him from his involuntary servitude, he brushed away a grateful unbidden tear, doffed his tarpaulin for a new beaver, and was soon seen a smiling, good natured looking passenger on board the steamer, homeward bound, to soothe his distressed family, gather his ripened harvest, and to become, we trust, a *wiser* if not a *better* man.

"BEEN ROUND THE HORN."

Another mode adopted in these New York schools for manufacturing sailors out of raw materials, is said to be in this wise:—A half-dozen—more or less—loafers, gamblers, pickpockets, old convicts from penitentiaries, and what not, with nothing in their pockets, save the grog bills, which they cannot pay, unanimously resolve to make known to their creditor—the grog dealer—the hopeless condition of their finances; their ardent desire to return to their father-

land; the impossibility of doing so, or even paying him for their grog, unless he can put them upon a new track. "Pshaw!" says this knowing pimp, drumming on the counter with his fingers, "you want to see your *mammas*, do you? Well, keep a stiff upper lip; here, take another glass, never mind the pay. And now, let me tell you—listen to me; look at me; do you believe in me? Well, then, come up to the scratch, and do just as I say, and in a little less than no time you'll pay for your grog, be on your way to your *mammas*, and have tin in your pocket when you get there. Here, just step with me into this room—d'y'e see? why, I could fit out a regiment. Here, Burk, is a lusty pair that will just fit your quarters, and they are hardly cold from old laughing Tom, as he was called; you remember him: ah, he was a whole brick, poor jolly old soul, he kicked the bucket a few days ago, and these trowsers are all that remain of him. Now, here is a pair that will make a tight fit to a barber's pole; here, Reynolds, they'll just suit your spindle shanks: on with them; you know we must have everything look natural, as though it was made for you—that's the advantage of having a large stock to choose from—and these having seen good service are the more natural and less likely to excite suspicion. There, you are now all rigged out—jackets, trowsers, tarpaulins, belts and knives—yes, look in the glass; by the Holy Virgin, if you don't all pass muster I'll treat—yes, I'll bet a dozen cock-tails, that Neptune himself would be willing to swear, upon the highest wave, that you were all "*real old sea-dogs*." "But," says one, (a little more thoughtful and timid than the rest) "what would be the consequence in case of being questioned as to our knowledge of a sailor's life and duties?" "Ah, ah, give yourselves no trouble; we know how to come it over them on that tack. In the hurry and bustle of getting out to sea, you will only be put through the shorter catechism; and now, if you want to learn that, follow me in the back yard; let us walk round that



circular plot of grass—do you see that horn sticking out of the ground in the centre? well, that's the answer to the shorter catechism; now don't forget your lesson when you are examined." The last touch of the artist's pencil having now been applied, a tumultuous jollification, over cocktails and whiskey punch, follows, as the concluding act in the play, in the midst of which, the shipping master—perhaps a secret partner of the concern—hurries into the room, bidding high for a half dozen able seamen for a ship just leaving for Liverpool.—What is his surprise and joy at finding just that number finished, as if made to order, and that too on so short a notice. A bargain is soon struck, and *one hundred and twenty dollars* paid down as advanced wages; and what is remarkable, this sum comes within *three cents* of meeting the entire expenses of their lessons in navigation, their outfit and grog bills, with all the et ceteras. The rum seller, with his accustomed generosity to the unfortunate, and in consideration of their having given him the job, swore positively he would never trouble them about the balance, but would just throw it in and square accounts. And now they separate, very much like so many crocodiles leaping from the bank into the turbid waters of the Mississippi, without knowing whether they shall ever meet again on land. They follow their new master to the ship, where he receives two dollars per head, as his part and portion of the wages of unrighteousness.

The ship now swings from her mooring, and anchors in the middle of the stream, lest these amphibious animals may jump ashore. The roll is called, each answers to his name, all is confusion on deck, the examination goes on—Tom, Dick, Harry, what do you know of a sailor's duty? have you ever made a long voyage? "Aye, aye, sir," answers Burk, "we six old salts have been round the horn." In the hurry and bustle of the moment, such an answer is perfectly satisfactory, nor is it disproved, 'till fairly out to sea, when perhaps a northwester begins to blow, when the

entire strength of the crew is brought into requisition: then to the great chagrin of master and officers, it is found that these six newly-made sailors, who had paced round a cow's horn in the back yard of a rum seller, did not know a rope in the ship.

#### LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

Now, with such facts staring us in the face, can it be any longer a matter of wonder, that there should be such a frightful loss of life and property on the seas? Can we wonder at such facts as the following, which I clip from a Boston journal:—*The losses paid by fourteen stock insurance offices, in State street, Boston, during the last five years, almost reach the large sum of ten millions of dollars; of this amount \$7,675,424 86 were paid on marine losses.* And but a few days since, a gentleman said to me, that the value of property on the sea had fallen *fifty per cent.*, in consequence of the increased danger, and the terrific losses of the few last years. But upon whom do these losses and accumulated evils fall? Not upon Insurance Companies alone; nor upon ship owners, nor upon shipping merchants, but heaviest of all upon the responsible masters commanding these ships, the officers, and the few noble and faithful seamen, who often enter port exhausted, worn out and broken down, by their excessive labors, toils, watchings, anxieties, and almost superhuman efforts to save life and property, and all this brought upon them by this most nefarious system of shipping for able seamen, nothing but the veriest dregs and outlaws of society. On entering the hospital here last spring, and finding five sailors from a single ship, I inquired into the cause; have you been abused? Have you had a hard and cruel master? "O, no, we have had the kindest of masters, and have been kindly treated by the officers, but there were so few of the crew that understood their duty, we were obliged to be overworked to save the ship." Yes, the few faithful able sailors experience the bitter fruits of this cruel, this accursed system. So it was with the noble ship

in which we made our voyage last winter—a passage of forty days, that might have been made in two-thirds of the time with an efficient crew—and we, no doubt, owe our lives to the skill, the vigilance, and the prudence of the master and officers, who understood too well the danger of crowding on sail in midwinter, when they discovered that out of a crew of twenty-four all told, only six were able, experienced seamen. But there are no limits to the evils growing out of this unrighteous, perfidious system, they are incalculable, and affect the whole community. And, if amid all the systems of evil known in civilized society, or that has ever afflicted the human family, this stands above, and without a parallel in its enormity, so is it equally without the shadow of an excuse, or the least vestige of an apology. And yet, who thinks of a reform? A few perhaps who read the *Sailor's Magazine*. They lift their feeble voices amid the yells, the screams and clamor of the multitude for reforming some imaginary evil, or it may be, some real one, if perchance it be far enough off to be beyond our reach; we can so graduate our optics as to see clearly the beam in our neighbor's eye, however remote, and can lash the whole country into a tempestuous sea, for what we cannot help and have no right to touch, while more than the curse of Ham rests upon the sailor and the sailor's cause at our own door, and under our own eye. But is there not a cause? Yes, verily, we know the cause; but what is the remedy? On this question we will offer a few thoughts in our next.

Yours truly,

E. N. SAWTELL.

P. S.—We had an unusual full house last Sabbath, and in the evening especially—a great number of seamen, but all English and Scotch—I think there was but one sailor from an American ship; so also at the weekly prayer-meeting at the reading-room.

NOTE.—Our Chaplain's description of the sailors in the Havre, Liver-

pool and London packet ships, is life-like, and the mode of manufacturing them correct; but the description does not apply, but to a partial extent, to the sailors in American ships generally. While there are many foreigners in all American ships, for reasons which need not here be given, the *best sailors*, wherever born, *will not sail in the above packets*.—Eds.

### Fall of Sebastopol.

We have no sympathy either with the spirit, the details, or the results of war. Ordinarily it is a savage way to settle disputes which ought to have been terminated as disputes between man and man are settled—by mutual explanation, or reference to a third party. It gives us much joy to know that distinguished statesmen as well as philanthropists are urging this as the feasible plan not only for settling national difficulties, but what is better—for preventing them. We publish the following sketch of the fall of Sebastopol, and subjoin the bloody figures of a score and a half of battles for the same reason that we have run our eyes over the horrid picture; viz.: that the readers of the *Magazine* may loathe the more intensely the whole system of *brute force*; be convinced with Franklin that "all wars are follies;" be satisfied with Webster that "there is something on earth greater than arbitrary despotic power—the aroused indignation of the whole civilized world;" and be led more fervently to pray the Prince of peace to put an end to the most awful exhibitions of human depravity seen out of the world of woe!

### A GENERAL GLIMPSE OF THE CONFLICT.

The details which have come to hand heighten the horrors of the en-



counter so much that the heart sickens and the head reels before the pictures which letter-press painters have drawn. Clearly, the French have all the honors of the greatest achievement and the greatest slaughter. General Pellisier, their commander, must be an incarnate fiend, to whom the sacrifice of whole battalions is nothing, if his purpose be gained. He planned the surprise on the Malakhoff with infernal ingenuity, while the Russians fought around it with infernal strength. In ten minutes the French had obtained a footing, but for six mortal hours they had to encounter a hand-to-hand struggle in order to hold their position. A footing having been obtained, and a tri-color elevated, the storming columns of the British proceeded to assail the Redan, and here, for nearly two hours, the carnage was infuriated, brutal, and devilish massacre, man to man killing his fellow, and human blood flowing into the trenches in showers.

On the 5th, began a bombardment of unparalleled extent, force and continuity. For three days and nights, with short or partial intermissions, the camp poured upon the city, from five hundred iron or brazen throats, every missile which ingenuity had invented or gunpowder can project. The city returned the fire from, probably, an equal number of cannon, if not from a still greater number, but with less effect. It was calculated that by noon of the 8th the garrison would be sufficiently distressed for the repetition with success of the attack repulsed on June the 18th. The Malakhoff was to be first assaulted—and when gained, its retention was to be rendered the easier by a simultaneous assault upon the line of works upon its right and left; known respectively as the Great and Little Redan. The surprisal of the Malakhoff was effected in a very few minutes; but of the concerted operations, both failed. The Little Redan was found inaccessible by the French columns appointed to its attack, from the concentrated fire which its garrison was able, with the help of a steamer in the harbor, to pour upon the combatants. Of the 7,000 which

the French had killed and wounded in the course of the day—including five general officers—the larger portion seem to have perished here; though bloody and obstinate was the conflict in the rear of the Malakhoff, disputing its retention till almost dusk. The English attack in part succeeded, but finally and most disastrously failed. The two hundred and odd yards between our most advanced trench and the ditch in front of the work to be carried, was passed by the 1,500 men appointed—in parties of one, two, three, and five hundred,—despite a fire of grape and rifle shot that stretched half of them on the ground. The ditch, too, was crossed,—despite its depth and breadth, fifteen feet and eighteen feet,—despite the insufficient length of the few ladders which had not been dropped under fire—and despite the inexperience of most of the men engaged. The parapet—a wall of earth, some thirty feet thick, with a cannon looking out at intervals of every three yards—was also passed; despite the riflemen and gunners who lined the inner side. But here the perilous advance was stayed,—though to stay was more perilous than to advance. No wonder they paused, even though to pause was more certain death than to rush on! No wonder they sought a moment's shelter behind the traverses over which they could use the musket but not the bayonet! No wonder it was only the veterans of Alma and Inkermann, who, coming up from behind, would venture with their officers upon the space on which they could not hope to stand! That for one hour and fifty-six minutes any one of the fifteen hundred, while able to run or crawl, should have remained at the Redan, is a marvel of enduring courage. Alas! they who were not among the early wounded, were among the later slaughtered. The colonel, with a coolness and daring never surpassed, after exposing himself more than any on the parapet, retraced his way across the ditch and the space to the trench, to obtain from general Codrington the reserves so unaccountably withheld, returned no more that day. A piece of breastwork was thrown down, a

cannon protruded, and a volley of grape hurled upon the unhappy occupants of the parapet. They rolled or scrambled through its embrasures, and down into the ditch. A Russian charge with the bayonet and rifle climaxed the work of horror. Hundreds of gallant Englishmen found their death-bed in that gory pit. Literally, to the very top it was filled up, when those who had fallen above were all thrown down. Ghastly, yet beautiful, they lay—for it seems that the kind hand of death wipes from the face the distortion of mortal strife, and fixes there the calm of painless sleep. Gashed and mangled as were bodies and limbs, the eye and mouth wore, not unfrequently, the smile that seemed to say,—“Not in my own quarrel did I inflict and suffer fratricidal death!”

Happier they than many of the survivors. The wounded in the passage of the space between the trenches and the ditch, borne back by their comrades, and forwarded along the tortuous trenches, suffered, we may hope, no pang that the hospital service could spare them. But they who fell, stabbed or shot, but not killed, on the other side of the parapet, had perchance to bear the slow torture of parching thirst; perchance the suffocating pressure of the stiffening corpse; perchance were tended by the hands of relenting foemen. It is like a drop of heavenly dew upon ground blasted by infernal fire, to read that Russians were seen giving drink to some left in their hands. Some, too, we know, were carried into their hospitals; and heart-sickenings beyond all that we have ever read is the description of the place in which they were discovered, several days afterwards—a vault, used, for security from the fire, we suppose, as an hospital, but in which there were far more dead than living; in which coffined and uncoffined corpses, in every loathsome form of mutilation and ghastly attitude of agony, lay close beside the sodden, filthy pallets on which the wounded and dying had been left in the hurry of the retreat, with a burning city, rending rocks, and acres of “blood-stained ruins,” all around. Surely

from the very caverns of hell there will come up no more awful tale, when the secrets of the universe shall be revealed.

Well does the *Empire* say, the horrors of this war have been unutterable. Its sacrifices have been mountainous. Its victories have been heart-rending. At this very time England is paying \$5,000,000 per week as the cost of the war; and, from a corn circular on our table, we perceive she is paying \$5,000,000 per week in the shape of a war-duty upon corn. She also pays the price of 2,000 men in a single assault upon one Russian fortress; and, amid all this disaster, the heartless exponents of a war-at-any-cost policy want the clergy to proclaim a day of thanksgiving for the “glory” which this war bequeaths to us!

#### BLOODY BATTLES.

*The Bridge of Lodi.* The Austrians lost 2,000 killed and wounded. The French loss was also 2,000 men.

*Arcola.* The Austrians lost in killed and wounded, 18,000. French loss, 15,000.

*The Nile* (sea fight). Nelson lost 895 men in killed and wounded. The French lost 5,225 men killed and wounded, besides 3,005 prisoners, and thirteen ships out of seventeen engaged in action.

*The Bay of Aboukir.* The Turks had 9,000 engaged; the French 8,000. The Turks lost every man of the 9,000 in killed, wounded or prisoners.

*Trebbia.* During the three days that this battle continued, the French lost 12,000 men in killed and wounded; and the allies about the same number.

Regarding the campaign of 1799, the same writer\* observes:—“In little more than four months, the French and allied armies had lost nearly half of their collective forces, those cut off, or irrevocably mutilated by the sword being about 116,000 men!”

*Novi.* The allies lost 7,000 in killed and wounded, and 12,000 prisoners. The French lost 7,300 killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners.

\* Alison in his Hist. of Europe



*Engers.* Loss in killed and wounded on each side (the French and Allies) 7,000 men.

*Marengo.* The Austrians lost 7,000 in killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners; the French lost 7,000 in killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners.

*Hohenlinden.* The Austrians lost 14,000 in killed and wounded, and the French 9,000.

*Austerlitz.* The allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed and wounded, or prisoners; the French lost only (!) 12,000.

*Maida.* One of the most remarkable battles on record. The French, out of 7,500 men engaged, had 700 killed, between 3,000 and 4,000 wounded, and 100 prisoners; the British lost only 44 killed, and 284 wounded.

*Jena and Auerstadt.* The Prussians lost about 30,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners. The French lost 14,000 in killed and wounded.

*Eylau.* In this terrific engagement the Russians lost 25,000 in killed and wounded, and the French 30,000.

*Friedland.* Russia lost 17,000 in killed and wounded. France 8,000.

*Wagram.* The Austrians and the French each lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded.

*Talavera.* After two days' fighting, the British lost 6,268. The French lost 8,794 men in killed and wounded.

*Albuera.* The French loss was 8,000; that of the allies nearly 7,000, the British alone having lost 4,300 out of 7,500 engaged. When the muster of the Bluffs was called after the battle, three privates and one drummer answered to their names.

*Salamanca.* The allies lost 5,200 men; the French 14,000.

*Smolenski.* The French loss was 17,000; that of the Russians, 10,000 men.

*Borodino.* "The most murderous and obstinately disputed battle on record." The French lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 50,000; the Russians losing the same number.

"The survivors of the French army

from the Russian campaign were not more than 35,000 men out of an army of about 500,000 men."

*Lutzen.* The French lost 18,000, and the allies 15,000 men.

*Bautzen.* The French lost 25,000, the allies 15,000.

*Dresden.* (Continued during two days). The allies lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 25,000; the French lost between 10,000 and 12,000.

*Leipsic.* The battle lasted three days. Napoleon lost two marshals, twenty generals, and about 60,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. The allies lost 1,790 officers, and about 40,000 men.

*Victoria.* The French lost 6,000 in killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners; and the allies 5,180 killed and wounded.

*Toulouse.* The French lost 4,700 in killed, wounded and prisoners; the allies 4,580 men.

*Paris.* The allies lost 9,093 men, and the French 4,500.

*Ligny.* The Prussians lost 15,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners; and the French 6,800.

*Quatre Bras.* The allies lost 5,200 men, and the French 414.

*Waterloo.* The total loss of the allies was 16,636 men; Napoleon's was about 40,000 men, and almost all his guns, ammunition, &c.

So much for—for glory!!

### Training Boys for Seamen.

A Committee of the Baltimore Board of Trade have issued an appeal to the people of that city for the means whereby to purchase and equip a vessel and furnish a nautical teacher for the purpose of establishing a floating school, for the education and training of boys for seamen. The Commissioners of public schools have already agreed to supply teachers in the same course of instruction as is now pursued in the public schools, and to furnish books and all needful school apparatus. Such schools ought to be established in every large seaport. They would do much towards supplying a superior class of seamen and meeting the increased demands of the commerce of the country.

**Danish Sailor Missionary.**

## SCRIPTURE DISTRIBUTION.

INTERESTING TOUR ALONG THE  
SEA-SHORE.

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

May grace be with you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank God always for you and other dear Brethren, whose zeal in promoting the kingdom and glory of God is so great, and who so kindly assist me, enabling me thereby to devote my time to the service of the Lord. God grant that many may be convinced of his great love to his poor and sinful creatures, that they may become partakers of everlasting glory.

I hereby gratefully acknowledge the receipt of 175 American Dollars, which have duly come to hand, 100 Dollars for myself and 75 Dollars for John Lindalius at Wisby, which have been forwarded to him.

During the third quarter of 1855, I have been permitted, through grace, to distribute about 2000 religious Tracts, and to dispose of 137 Bibles and New Testaments. I have visited many vessels from various Nations, conversed with many seamen on board ships, on the wharfs and in public houses, and the Lord has often given me grace to say an earnest word to their hearts. During the same quarter, I have preached about 34 times in our meeting-room, and at other places. A number of loan Tracts have also been circulated. May it please God to bless these labours. Several Seamen have attended the preaching of the word, and given glory to God.

On the 2d August, I left Copenhagen for Bornholm, and arrived at Ronne on the 3d. I visited several brethren who lived at Ronne, and others who were awakened last winter while I stayed there; I found them rejoicing in the Lord, firm in hope, and advancing in holiness. We praised the Lord, for his mercy to poor sinners, and rejoiced through believing; I held several meetings at Ronne. On the 6th I left, and went along the seashore, visiting the fishing villages, and speaking to several persons about

the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. I preached at a place called Snogebek, and on the sunburned faces it was perceived, that the word of God made impression on the heart. A number of fishermen had left their nets to listen to the word of God, and one of them in particular, who had formerly been a bitter enemy of the Gospel, sat now and listened with profound attention. After having visited a number of the fishing villages in the north of the island, I returned to Ronne, where I held a meeting on the 12th. On the 13th I met with our Baptist brethren here; in the afternoon we had a blessed meeting, and towards evening, we went to the seashore, and I had the pleasure of baptizing three dear Souls unto Christ, who had been awakened last winter when I was on Bornholm. Our hearts were filled with joy on this occasion, and our praises ascended to God. Several of the inhabitants of Ronne were present at the administration of the holy ordinance, which made a good impression on them, and it is to be hoped, that it will be an inducement to them to seek the Lord with sincere hearts. We entered this blessed day by observing the ordinance of the Lord's supper. We rejoiced in the Lord, and enjoying his peace we gave glory to God. I stayed four days longer at Ronne, which time I spent in visiting about in the houses, conversing with people, and distributing religious Tracts. On the 17th I held a meeting, and on the 18th I left by steamer for Copenhagen. On the 19th I held a meeting in Copenhagen, and since then I have stayed here. Lord's days I generally preach, and sometimes on week-days too; for the rest I visit on board ships, dock-yards, and also public houses, to distribute Tracts, circulate Bibles and New Testaments, and converse with seamen.

The Lord says Ps. 50. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shall glorify me." The passage is illustrated by the following fearful circumstance:

I have a son by the name of Emil, 28 years of age, who is steward on the steamer "Norge," built last year,



and which ran between Norway and Hamburg. In the night of 9th Sept., it was a calm and starlight night, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the steamer "Bergen," running at full speed, struck "Norge" on the broad-side, near the paddle box, with such a force that she ran her stem quite into "Norge," the fore ship of which, was immediately filled with water, and stuck so fast that it required her whole power to get loose. The consternation on board "Norge," was immense. Some of the passengers jumped on board "Bergen," and were thus saved, a great number of females got into a boat, but two sailors jumping into it upset it, and most of them found their grave in the deep. In 8 minutes "Norge" was filled with water, and went to the bottom of the sea. Of about 90 persons who were on board, only about 41 were saved. "Bergen" had suffered so much that it was with the greatest difficulty she reached Christiansand, she was only about 6 inches above water. My son in a letter to me writes as follows:

"My dear Father: I must tell you how almighty God saved me; blessed be his name throughout eternity! No one has seen greater proof of the unspeakable grace of God, than one who has seen such a sight as I saw, where so many people found their grave, and I expected to find mine. In all this distress, the Lord supplied me with courage and strength; I confidently trusted in his mercy to save me. I sat on, or rather clung to, a boat which was fastened on the steamer with the one end and hanging down into the water with the other, waiting till she should sink. I prayed earnestly to God, there being no moment so awful as when a man sees the grave open before his feet. I prayed that God would be merciful to me a sinner, and receive my poor soul for the sake of Jesus, and thus I felt composed. When the vessel sunk, I threw myself into the sea, committing myself to Jesus, in whose everlasting arms I knew I was well secured. What should become of me, I did not know, for swim I can not at all. When the vessel sunk, oh, what misery, what lamentation, what shrieks

ascended to the sky! I lay quiet in the water; but oh, what mercy! I got hold of a life-buoy, of which there were but two on the vessel, and how wonderful and what mercy that I should get the one of them; on this I floated till a boat took me up and brought me to Christiansand."

Thus far my son. And now to the Lord, who performs his promises when we call upon him in the day of trouble, be honour and glory for ever, Amen.

May the Lord fill your heart with joy, and multiply your peace. I remain your humble fellow labourer in the way of life,

P. E. RYDING.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

### Another Tribute to Christianity.

I noticed in the Nov. number of the Sailors Magazine, an account of a dinner given by the Captain of an English Man-of-War, to the Royal family and Chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, in which there was evidently a slight mistake either in the name of the Royal Personage, or in the location where the scene occurred. Pomare was Queen of the Tahitian Islands, and I believe, was never at the Sandwich Islands; but in reading the account I was reminded of an occurrence of the kind, which took place while I resided at the Islands, which, as a matter of fact, may not be without interest to you.

The French Frigate *L'Artemise* arrived at the Islands, demanding indemnification for pretended claims of French subjects, against the S. I. Government; and at the cannon's mouth, forced upon the Government an unrighteous Treaty, requiring a pledge for the faithful fulfillment of the same, in the sum of 20,000 dollars, and pending the negotiations; demanding as a hostage, a person of high rank and standing in the Nation.

Haalilio, the Secretary of State, was at first selected as the proper person but after a few hours, John Ji offered himself in the place of Haalilio, and was accepted—the Captain consented to the exchange, although the latter

was not by birth a Chief, still he was in the counsels of the Nation, and was a man of intelligence and great influence, and withal a very Godly man. Shortly after reaching the ship, he was invited into the cabin (or perhaps the Ward room,) to partake with them, as it was supper time, and was liberally helped from a bountifully supplied Table, but to the surprise of the officers, he did not eat—and they supposed that fear, or sorrow, on account of his peculiar situation, was the reason, and politely enquired if that was the case, and if not, whether the food was not to his taste, or what might be the cause. He informed them that he was in the habit of making due acknowledgment to the giver of all good, for His bounties before partaking of them, and with their permission, he would ask a blessing on the food before them, to which they politely acceded; after which he fell to in good earnest, and from that time, at every meal while he remained with them, he was requested to ask a blessing.

An involuntary tribute of respect from ungodly men to humble but consistent christianity.

J. S.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### **The Ship "Hope" and her ten young Men.**

It may not be improper to presume, that, of the many who feel specially interested for sailors, some may make the inquiry: What was the result of Capt. B.'s experiments with his young men in the "Hope;" and now that the voyage is completely closed, and the ten young men who composed more than half her crew, on a continuous voyage of eighteen months, and returned to their parents and friends, and my further responsibility on their account has ceased. I will fulfill this last obligation, not only to inquirers, but to the young men themselves.

It is not to be expected, that in associating together for so long a period, there should have been nothing unpleasant; or that every one, at all times, should yield willing and prompt

obedience; but with us the aberrations were "few and far between."

In the moral government of the world the Great Law Giver has seen fit to address himself to our hopes and our fears. The wisdom of man in all forms of government consists in the proper balancing these elements. Whether I have succeeded well or ill cannot at present, perhaps, be determined; but I flatter myself that I have been instrumental in riveting upon the minds of all those young men principles of uprightness, which will not be forgotten, and that in years which shall follow they will look back to the voyage in the "Hope" as the pleasantest voyage of their lives, and will make it a text book of usefulness to themselves, in the many years wanderings which await them. That they sometimes did wrong, they will no doubt acknowledge; and perhaps I should concede the same, but there has not been an instance in which any one persisted in a fault up to our final parting; and nothing could have been more gratifying to me, than to find, after all the evil influences which were exerted to draw them into vicious company, after their arrival in London, they had too much respect for me, and too much confidence in my advice, to be led astray. They are all my children; I shall esteem them as such, and shall watch and follow with much interest their future course. Most, if not all of them, are now fit for officers of ships, and I shall esteem it a pleasure to introduce them to my friends as such. I am desirous to remind the friends of sailors, as I have done before, that among the best aids to good feelings and consequently to good government on ship board, are a proper regard for the Sabbath, and a good library. It is the custom of almost all ships for some years past to allow the men every alternate watch below, or in nautical phraseology, "watch and watch," which gives them much time, if so disposed, for mental improvement. There is much reading, and usually much of an exceptionable character, which is handed from ship to ship, and from hand to hand, until it becomes too defaced to be read at all.



There seems to be a general taste for reading, and at least, when this light stuff cannot be had, *other will be used*. I wish there were a society to see every ship stocked with a useful and interesting library. I have wondered, that men shut up to the same routine of duty and the same monotony of wind and wave of blue sea, and blue sky, should remain in any case so long contented and in any measure happy; but it is the omnipotence of home that makes them so. And this suggests another thing of equal importance as a library. Letters, Letters, Letters!!! The word should be written in capitals of gold. It is worth a month's wages to go on board ship with a pocket full of letters. If mothers and sisters could see the eagerness with which letters are received from home, and the disappointed looks of the nonrecipients, writing would not often be neglected. How often have I seen the shadow upon the fair face of a young sailor, when he turned away disappointed from the gangway, with the common remark: "John Almy has got all the letters, he's got a mother or a sister at home that cares something about him;" and how often has it been said in my hearing: "If they cared anything about *me* they would write; why should I care about them?" I wish the wide world could know the value a sailor puts upon a letter. Books are misused; tracts are torn up and destroyed, but I believe you will find all your letters in the till of the returning sea chest. For one, I believe I never destroyed a letter in my life. They have been sacred mementoes which I should think it sacrilege to destroy. When we would introduce ourselves into the company of the loved and cherished, we read them. By their aid

We conjure up the scene most fair,  
By intellectual necromancy  
Luxuriate in Elysiums rare,  
And taste the Paradise of fancy.

Don't you know what to write? why write the whole book of Proverbs, interspersed with neighborhood chit-chat, and when you have finished that commence with Job and the Psalms—you won't get much slander into it; and when you have got

through the Bible, you may take Josephus—anything good and useful,—if it only come natural and is yourself, an image is before the reader's face, and his imagination will do more than half the work, and when he awakes again to the realities around him, he will pay you with a tear, and a sigh welling up from the bottom of his heart. Yes: write letters, you that wish to be cherished in the memory of a sailor, and if he ever returns he will pay you with gratitude and a kiss—perhaps more!

For the present adieu,

Yours, N. B.

MARION, NOV. 25th, 1855.

## The Jug Without a Bottom.

On the bridge that cro-se-d the Grand Rapids we met a hale old man and his wife, with eleven sons, seven daughters and thirty seven grand-children, with numerous horses, carts, wagons, oxen, cows, calves, sheep, and furniture of a tiquated appearance; among which were to be seen cradles for babies, cradles for grain, spinning-wheels, pots and kettles, and almost everything requisite for a settlement, such as fifty blood relations will make in the Grand River country. After the train stopped, we made some inquiries, and asked the old gentleman what use he made of a bottomless jug, which was carefully stowed away among his domestic equipments, and received the following reply:

"Why, Sir, I am a man of many years, and have worked other people's land all my days, and paid from four to nine bushels of wheat per acre a year for doing it—and have all the time used a jug with a bottom in it, by which all my profits have been wasted, and I was sick of feeding landlord and rumseller—so I sent seven of my boys to Mexico to fight for their country. They all came back safe, and brought seven sections of land, that please God will be mine without rent. And now you see that jug you see there shall hold all the whiskey and rum that will be used in my whole family while I control them. Old Ge-

neral Taylor told my son John that a jug without a bottom is the best kind of a jug to put liquor in, and I believe it."

### The Mother's Touch.

In a long room, one winter's evening, in an old yard in the depths of London, a missionary had been holding a religious meeting; he had just dismissed it, and was still standing at his desk, when four young men, out of the number of his hearers, came and placed themselves before him.—They were thieves. The missionary looked at the filthy, ragged and destitute beings in silence. "Sir," said they, "can you reclaim us?" "What, four of you?" said the missionary. They all answered "Yes." "Have you ever been in prison?" "We have." "We have." "Well," said he, "if you are sincere, I will do what I can for you, but I must know a little more about you first; I will meet you to-morrow morning at your lodging-house. If you are sincere, you will follow the advice which I now give you: Go home, and pray for yourselves." At the hour the missionary was at the house. He saw each separately, and when the second entered, asked, "What is your name?" "George ———." The missionary looked at him; long experience had made him apt in detecting sin. He felt sure that the young man had given a wrong name. "How old are you?" "Twenty." "Have you a mother?" "Yes, sir." The missionary paused and looked at him: there he stood—a complete wreck; clothed in a ragged pair of trowsers, a filthy ragged shirt, with an old cap in his hand, shivering with cold. "Young man," asked the missionary again, "have you got a mother, and does that mother know where you are?—does she know the condition of her child?" He struggled against the emotion which these words excited, but he could not overcome it: he wept aloud. Again, the missionary asked his name; this time he told him the truth. He then related his sad history. He went back to the time when he was a good and happy child, dwelling in the house of his poor but

honest parents, in a market town in a distant county. He told of his mother's care and love, and how he used to go to school, both to the Sabbath and daily school, of the approbation of his teachers, and of the prizes he had gained. Then came the days of youth, and the hour of temptation; he committed a sin against the laws of man and, terrified at the consequences, he ran away from his father's house without telling any one where he was going. He came to London, where he thought no one would be able to find him; but he forgot that no man can earn his living without a character—that the honest person, who earns an honest living, must have as good a character for honesty as the richest merchant. Then he told how he fell from poverty to beggary, from beggary to robbery, from robbery to imprisonment, and how he came out of prison, the companion of thieves and beggars, with no other means to keep himself from starving but stealing or begging, no other home but the lodging-house or the streets. Such he was when, amidst his fellows in the crowded cellar, he had first seen the missionary. It was on a Sabbath evening, when the shoutings, the brawls, the riots, the fightings, the noise of the thieves bringing in their booty—where the police dared not follow—were hushed for a moment, and a short silence was obtained, while the missionary's voice was heard, declaring God's message of love, and the invitation to return to holiness and Him. From the cellar he had come to the meeting, and there, hearing again the declaration of God's mercy to sinners in Christ, which he had been taught in his childhood, he conceived the hope of an accepted repentance. He spoke again of his mother's love. "I used," he said, "to keep rabbits, and my mother used to come and stroke them while I held them, and it's like as if I can feel my mother's hand touching me,—I cannot forget my mother's touch."

The missionary was appalled at the details of sin and crime which had been poured into his ear; "but when I heard this," he said, "I felt that there was hope for him—that his



heart was not irrecoverably hardened." Upon inquiry he found the father and mother were still living in the same place. "But I cannot go home, sir," he said; "I dare not go home for what I did there," and he added, looking at himself, "in such a state." "Well," said the missionary, "we will see. I will write to your parents this day." When he heard this, he wept again, and blessed and thanked him, and said, "If ever I get home I will never leave it again." The missionary hastened to a friend whom he thought likely to assist him. This friend encouraged him to write to the parents of George. In a few days came two letters, one to the missionary, the other to the friend he had named. The letter to the missionary was from a stranger; it told him that the father was very poor, but that yet, out of his poverty, he had found means to arrange the matter for which his son had fled from home; he therefore need not fear to return, "and if," continued the writer, "he has indeed been brought to repentance, the joy will be *unmeasurable* to his father and mother, who knew not until now whether he was alive or dead." The letter to the friend was from the father; "Since he left his home, we have never heard from him 'till now, to the great grief of his mother and me, and all friends; and this day I cannot describe my feelings only by saying, I am happy God has spared his life, I am sorry that he is in such a condition, I am distressed that I cannot help him.—But, dear sir, if you can but restore our son to us, we shall be for ever indebted to you, and I hope the Lord will open his eyes that he may see aright." But how was he to return home?—not half-naked, and in rags. By the help of his friend, the missionary procured him a comfortable suit of clothes, and also the money to pay his journey. It was a happy evening when George and another, rescued in the same manner, met at the missionary's house. Very early next morning, before it was light, they were to leave; all that night, the missionary sat up with them, reading, praying and giving them ad-

vice. When the hour drew near, he himself went with them to the train. The missionary parted with them in prayer. A few days afterwards he received from George the following letter:—

"This is to inform you of my passage home, and how I was received. My father was waiting at the station for me; he had been there two hours; he did not know me, but as soon as I got hold of his hand and said 'Father,' he began to cry. I got home, and was so gladly received. One had hold of my hand, another was caressing me, and others were crying, but all so glad to receive me. I then told my father of your kindness to me, and the kindness of your friends to me, when I was in distress, and I hope you will tell them I am getting ready to go to the place of worship this morning. I do cherish a hope that I am come to be a prop to my father's house. The words that Mr. ——— said to me I shall never forget. My friends, I do indeed intend to follow your course of life, and 'tis a pleasure to me. All give you all their best respects, and do thank God for my return. I thank God too. I am happy now."

"I am happy now!" Would that such might be the experience of every thief and beggar! Does your heart respond to this wish? Then give me your help. There are those who have hold of the rope whereby they trust to effect this deliverance, and there is no hand, however feeble, that may not give them some aid.—Help the Society which sends out messengers of mercy into these dreary abodes. Help with your gifts; help with your efforts to awaken the sympathy of others—help with your prayers!—[Sunshine; or, Believing and Rejoicing. By M. A. Barber.

### Inebriate Asylum.

The Legislature of New York has chartered an Institution in this city bearing the above title. It has power to detain the patient as long as six months should his reformation require it.

"The object of this institution is to

provide an asylum for the poor and destitute inebriate, where his physical and moral condition will be alike the care of the physician and the philanthropist, and where his labor may be rendered productive and of service to his family. With the asylum there will be connected work shops, in which each patient, as soon as his condition will permit, will be regularly employed—thus making the asylum a self-supporting institution."

This is all very well: properly conducted it will do a vast amount of good; but another institution is immeasurably more needed, to be entitled,—

#### THE INEBRIATE-MAKER'S ASYLUM.

It should be built of stone, grated and barred with iron, with power to detain the patients till they are so penitent that they will cease to do evil and learn to do well; its humane and beneficent object being to prevent the making of inebriates, and to furnish a steady home and employment useful to themselves and the community, for the whole tribe of drunkard-makers, both foreign and domestic.

#### Lights and Shades.

My Dear Brother—

It is now some time since I have written you, not because I had become lukewarm in the cause of the Sailor but rather because I had nothing very cheering to write about. I must confess I had begun to feel a little depressed from several reasons:

1st. From the great change which has taken place in the character of men going now to sea.

And 2nd. From the absolute control which shipping masters and landlords had obtained over these land lubbers. But I have been made to feel within the last few Sabbaths, that God's ways are not as man's and that oftentimes when we begin to give up the ship is the very time He will take the helm and bring our bark through the breakers.

I think God is beginning a good time in our Bethel. For the last two Sabbaths I have had much larger and more attentive congregations than for

two years back, and I have had very lately some token of His spirit's influence upon the heart.

But, my dear Brother, we must give no rest until the month's advance is broken up, and shipping masters and landlords are entirely routed. Our Sailor's Home has a large number of boarders, but such men do not remain long on shore. We still do a little in the way of Temperance.

I need not tell you that a Sailor's preacher needs a double share of faith and the great comfort I have is in the promises of God.

Yours truly,

WM. B. YATES, Chaplain.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 19, 1855.

#### Dying Expressions.

John Bunyan's last words were,—  
"Weep not for me but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who no doubt will receive me, though a sinner, through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ; where I hope we shall ere long meet, to sing the new song and remain happy for ever, in a world without end.—Amen."

Richard Baxter said to his brethren who were comforting him in his last, "I have pains; there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace. I have peace!"

"You are now drawing near your long desired home," said one.

"I believe, I believe," was his reply.

When the question was put to him, "How are you?" he promptly replied, "Almost well." To a friend who entered the chamber, he said, "I thank you for coming." Then fixing his eyes on him, he uttered his last words, "The Lord teach you how to die."

The annual steamboat commerce of the Great West is estimated as follows: Eight hundred steamboats, of nearly two hundred thousand tons, traversing thirty thousand miles of coast, and moving a commerce valued at three hundred and thirty millions of dollars—



# NAVAL JOURNAL

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## A Ship Master's Letter to his Seafaring Son.

*Found in the case of his Quadrant after his decease, with evidence, that like that Instrument, it had often been consulted.*

NEW ORLEANS, 10th Feb., 1852.

MY DEAR SON,—I received your billet-doux with Maria's, some days ago, and have deferred replying, for no particular reason, except, indeed, it were from the fact of unarranged ideas. I feel as if this letter, and all my future communications, needed to bear, not only the same but also a new character, and I am at a loss how to arrange my thoughts and suit them to this new circumstance. Before this reaches you, you will have entered a new phase in the life of man, a perfectly free agent, accountable only to God. May you have grace imparted to you, and wisdom, to assume that accountability, and to fill your place on the stage of manhood, acceptably to God, and with honor to yourself. I have written you a good many letters in relation to the formation of character, and have marked out for you, under varied circumstances, such courses as my experience has taught me would end in ultimate advantage, both as regards the present and the future. To say that I feel deeply solicitous for you, that I hope much, and that I expect much from you, is probably what

every father would say, because every father thinks he has done what he could to promote the welfare of his son. And fathers are blind too to the faults of their children, and think them in advance of those around them. In this feeling your mother and myself share very liberally. But *we* have lived long enough in the world to know what the standard of excellence really is, and we trust that notwithstanding the faults of our own characters, we have been guiding our children towards that standard. From henceforth, we are to look for the growth and maturity of the plants, the seed of which has been sown and cultivated by our hands. As in a garden of nature, we may see much that is neglected, and much that might have been better arranged; so we may look back upon the minds and hearts we have been so assiduously cultivating, and discover the weeds which we should have uprooted, and the blank spots which should have been ornamented with beauties and graces, when the season is too far gone for the evils to be remedied. For this reason I am desirous *now* again to remind you of your religious obligations. Every year as it passes, adds to me some new link in the chain of evidence of the truth of the Christian religion. Every year too, I am more and more convinced of its necessity to our happiness here and hereafter. I have canvassed it, studied it, adopt-

ed it, and I trust in some measure practiced it; and I find it "the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*," the *only* life which may be led with happiness to ourselves for the present or promise for the future. I am desirous, consequently, that you too should know it, theoretically and practically; and that when you thus know it, you espouse it, and confess it before men. It is not quite enough that we know the truth, it is not quite enough that we understand the precepts of the Bible; if we are to enjoy them, or to be benefited by them, we *must* practice them. It is not enough that we know the *great principles* are to love God and love our neighbor, we want to know their varied ramifications, and their particular application to the every day affairs of our *own* life, and to make our life conform to them. The precept which says, "enter into thy closet," should as much make a part of our daily life as that which says "thou shalt not steal," and the promise which is annexed to "He that confesseth me before men" is as certain of fulfillment as that which follows the command "Honor thy father and thy mother." The book of Proverbs is rich with promised blessings, in which God (if I may so express myself) has allowed me to luxuriate, and from which I have derived the spices which have seasoned all the blessings of my life. I cannot, too earnestly, my dear son, recommend *this* book, and all the other books of the Bible. They are replete with treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and goodness, and truth, such as God only could have communicated to erring, sinful, darkened man. Entering upon life for yourself, determine once for all, that it shall be the guide of your maturing years. Let no *sceptic*, with "words darkening counsel without knowledge," lead you to distrust its sacred pages; let no doubting infidelity of your own heart lead you to deny its obligations, or doubt of its threatenings or its promises. Fear God then, renounce every error, and cling to the glorious hopes of the gospel of Christ. I believe I love my children with the purest and strongest affection now, but it would send a thrill

of unwonted joy through my heart to hear it announced, that with a good hope through grace, they had joined themselves to the Lord, and that henceforth we might esteem ourselves as following the same guide, walking the same path, encouraged by the same promises, indulging the same hopes, and expecting the same *eternal crown*.

My son, we don't know that we shall ever meet again in this life: wherever we go then, let us carry with us the agreeable recollection, that we have done all we could to promote each other's happiness.

I give you my blessing; it is a father's blessing; may you be richly rewarded for your toils, and may you always bear in mind the obligations you are under, with property and life, to love and serve, obey and honor God.

Most truly and affectionately,  
your father,

N.

### Volney Bekner.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Volney Bekner was the son of a poor Irish sailor, and was born about the year 1748. He was taught little of what ought to be known by those destined to live in a city; but as soon as he could regulate his own movements, his father taught him to struggle with the waves, or to allow himself to be borne away with them, laughing at the storms of the air and fury of the sea. You should have seen the father of Volney with his son, then about three years of age, in the water; the father supporting with one arm the little child, and the latter endeavoring to imitate the movements of his father, and to turn and return upon the water, until he would be exhausted with fatigue. Volney Bekner soon became an indefatigable swimmer, for scarcely was he five years old, when he could follow the vessel on which he had been brought up, for a distance of two leagues.—Thus accustomed to make sport of the dangers of the sea, Volney Bekner soon became an important personage, especially in stormy weather. None of the crew could man the



yards with such rapidity; he was always the first to ascend the masts, always the most prompt in gliding amongst the rigging; and if his arms were not the strongest in executing the evolutions, his example was so encouraging that every one seemed to redouble his emulation, not to be conquered by the intrepidity of so young a child. Moreover, Volney Bekner was often able to render great services by himself alone. Sometimes but a slight effort is required to free a rope which interferes with the working of the sails; he sprang with greater rapidity than a man could have done; he made his way through places where it would have been impossible for a man to have passed; and, quick in seizing the word of command, and skilful in executing it, with a turn of the hand Volney had repaired the mischief. Submissive to all the privations of his adventurous calling, accustomed to look dangers in the face without emotion, the young sailor, who was a moral of obedience and courage, early understood that to be worthy of attaining a rank—that is to say—to have the right of commanding in his turn—it was not sufficient that he should inspire those under his command with respect, and show himself the bravest among them, he must also be best informed, in order to deserve their confidence. His father could only teach him to be a brave man, and on this point the education of Volney Bekner was perfect. His captain undertook to make him a well-informed man, and by the age of twelve he had attained the rank of head of the pilot-apprentices. He had double rations and double pay. "If," said the commander of the vessel, "this little fellow continues to conduct himself with the same bravery and prudence, he will, I am sure, obtain a position far above mine." Then turning toward Volney Bekner, he added, "Is it not true, my lad, that you love glory?" "Yes, Captain," respectfully replied the child. "And do you know what glory is?" added the captain. "It is," replied the child, "faithfully to serve one's country, and honorably to fulfil the duties of one's station."

During a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France, it happened that the daughter of a rich American, who was on board with her father and governess, had made her escape from the latter, who had fallen asleep. The little girl imprudently went upon the deck; she played, she ran about; she got her feet entangled in the ropes, fell down and rose again, laughing at the accident; she faced the billows, that covered her with spray, and she laughed still louder than before. The sailors told her to take care, but the child foresaw no danger; she leaned over the deck—the vessel heaved, the little American lost her balance, uttered a shriek, and disappeared beneath the waters. A sailor, perceiving her fall, immediately leaped into the sea, plunged, and swimming for a few fathoms, caught the imprudent child, and reappeared with her upon the surface of the waves. The sailor was the father of Volney Bekner.—But, in the mean time, the wind had veered, and although but a few minutes had elapsed since the intrepid swimmer had plunged into the water to rescue the child from inevitable death, the vessel was already a considerable distance from him. Nevertheless he still swam on; a few efforts more and he would restore to the arms of a despairing father, who awaited him on the deck, the child whom he had believed lost to him for ever. All at once the sailor stopped, and ceased following the direct line; he struggled with the waves to take a contrary direction, and shouted—"Help! help! a shark!" It was, indeed, one of these voracious and monstrous animals, that was coming direct towards him, and threatening to devour both deliverer and the child whom he held firmly pressed against his heart. The whole of the crew were assembled upon the deck; they fired at the shark, but the monster was undismayed, and continued to pursue his double prey, which he unceasingly harassed. The sailor increased his speed; but the shark swam still faster, and every moment gained upon his victim. All who beheld this sight were struck with horror; the despair of the American, who

thus saw his child about to perish before his eyes, amounted to madness; he wanted to throw himself into the water, but the crew restrained him; he offered the whole of his fortune to any one who would kill the monster; no one dared to attempt so perilous an enterprise; but at the very moment when the unfortunate father believed himself abandoned both by God and man, young Volney Bekner was seen in the distance, gliding beneath the shark, and thrusting into his body, up to the hilt, a large and sharp sabre with which he was armed. No one had seen him plunge into the sea; and if he was now recognized, it was by the velocity of his course through the water; for Volney Bekner was so skilful in this kind of exercise, that he seemed more like a cavalier borne upon a fiery steed, than a man swimming. The shark, dreadfully wounded, ceased to pursue the sailor, but only to direct his fury against a new victim; he allowed not a moment's respite to him who had struck him. By a generous impulse, Volney Bekner, fearing lest the monster might hesitate between him and his father, directed his course away from the vessel, whilst the sailor, who still protected the little American, gained the ship. However stout a swimmer our youthful pilot might be, it was impossible for him to maintain a lengthened contest with his terrible enemy.—When he perceived that his father had seized the rope thrown to him, he then thought of his own safety. Darting from right to left in oblique lines, in order to embarrass the enemy, who was close upon him, he succeeded in reaching a rope. "He is saved!" was shouted with enthusiasm from the deck. The rope was hastily drawn in, and already had it reached the height of fifteen feet above the surface of the water, when the shark, who had just appeared, and had only dived, to take a more vigorous spring, darted in pursuit of the heroic boy, caught him by the middle of the body and snapped it in two. Thus died in 1760, in the twelfth year of his age, a youth as remarkable for his wonderful daring as for the gentler virtues of obedience, filial devotion, and

a martyr-like fortitude of spirit.—*From the French of Michael Masson.*

### Important Discovery. CORRECTION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

To overcome local attraction on board of iron ships, has long occupied the attention of eminent scientific men in all parts of the civilized world; but heretofore no plan, universal in its application, has been discovered, whereby the compass in an iron or any other ship can be adjusted so as to work correctly. Various contrivances are now in use for obtaining the deviation of the compass, caused by local attraction, but they are all more or less defective. Ordinary tables of variations are made for each ship, showing how much the compass is affected by local attraction, when the ship's head is placed in different directions; and the courses are shaped accordingly; but this plan, although very useful, cannot always be relied upon. The inaccuracy of its workings has, in many instances, been the cause of shipwreck. The discovery to which we wish to call attention has been made by Capt. Griffith Morris, of the steamer "R. B. Forbes," who has discovered how to detect and measure the local attraction in any ship, and how to overcome it with absolute correctness, so that the compass may be relied upon under all circumstances. After ten years of patient experiment in an iron vessel, he has become thoroughly conversant with the influences which affect the compass, and during the past six years, the steamer which he commands, and which is of iron, has been run by compasses adjusted by him, and they have never varied, even the eighth of a point, during the whole of that time. The captains of the steamers "Joseph Whitney," "Wm. Jenkins" and "Palmetto"—the two first of which trade to Baltimore, and the last to Philadelphia—bear testimony to the value of Capt. Morris' discovery, for he has adjusted all their compasses. In the passages between these ports and Boston, these vessels steer every point



of the compass, and consequently any deviation from the chart courses by their compasses would be readily detected. Before Capt. Morris adjusted their compasses, they were so much affected by local attraction as to be almost worthless.—*Boston Atlas*, Oct. 19.

### Notices to Mariners.

Notice is hereby given, that on the first of January, 1856, the fixed light now at Prospect Harbor, Maine, will be discontinued, and that on that night, and during every night thereafter, there will be shown a revolving light, instead of it.

The illuminating apparatus will consist of three argand lamps and 21 inch reflectors, and the interval between the flashes will be one minute.

By order of the

Light-house Board:

W. B. FRANKLIN,

*L. H. Inspector, 1st District.*

PORTLAND, Oct. 19, 1855.

**GLOUCESTER HARBOR BUOYS.**—Notice is hereby given, that the buoys on Babson's Ledge and Fresh Water Cove Ledge, has been replaced.

In consequence of the changing of the bar at Newburyport, occasioned by the late freshet, it has been found necessary to move the nun buoy (black and white perpendicular stripes) to the southward. Magnetic bearings as follows;

Halibut point - - - S. E. 3-4 S.

Plum Island lights - W. 1-2 S.

Inner Bar buoy - - W. 1-4 S.

When up with this buoy, run for the lights over the bar; then steer for the Inner Bar buoy, (black,) leaving it on the port hand; and thence N. W. 3-4 W. pass the channel buoy.

By order of the

Light-house Board:

C. H. B. CALDWELL,

*L. H. Inspector, 2d District.*

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 26, 1855.

### FIVE FATHOM BANK LIGHT-SHIP.

—The lighting apparatus of this vessel has been improved by substituting argand lamps and reflectors in place of the common bowl lamps.

The ship lays in 8 1-2 fathoms

water, S. W. 1-4 S. from the bank, 2 1-4 miles distant; Cape Henlopen light-house bearing W. by S. 1-4 S.; Cape May light-house, W. by N. 3-4 N. Mariners will take notice that the ship has been moved about a mile nearer to the bank than she has hitherto laid.

**CHRISTIANA LIGHT-HOUSE.**—The reflector apparatus at this light-house has been replaced by a 4th order lens of 360 degrees.

**ABSECUM BELL BOAT.**—The bell clappers of this boat having been damaged by collisions with passing vessels, are replaced and in good working order.

By order of the

Light-house Board:

JAMES S. BIDDLE,

*Light-House Inspector.*

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1855.

**LIGHT-HOUSE ON POINT LOMA, BAY OF SAN DIEGO, CAL.**—*A fixed white light, 3d Order of Fresnel, Illuminating the Entire Horizon.*—

This light-house is situated at an elevation of about 450 feet above the sea, and half a mile from the extremity of Point Loma, which forms the west point of the entrance into the Bay of San Diego. It consists of a stone dwelling of one story and a half, with a low tower of brick rising from the centre. The elevation will give full effect to the light, which in clear weather, should be visible, 20 to 25 miles.

Vessels from the north should give Point Loma a berth of half a mile, rounding-up gradually after passing it, until Ballast Point is brought in range with the Playa, being careful not to open more of the village than the most eastern houses, otherwise there is danger of getting on Zuninga Shoal, on the East side of the channel. Keep on the above range, and when up with Ballast Point, within a ship's length of which four fathoms may be carried, steer for the Playa, leaving a shoal spot of 12 feet water, one-eighth of a mile inside the Point, on the port hand, and anchor off the village. From the Playa to New Town (new San Diego,) four miles, six fathoms may be carried. A

mile or two above, the Bay becomes shoal. Vessels from the south should observe the same sailing directions, taking care to get on the range of Ballast Point and the Playa, south of a line half a mile seaward of Point Loma.

The latitude and longitude of the Light, as given by the Coast Survey, is—

Lat.  $32^{\circ} 40' 13''$  N. ;

Long.  $117^{\circ} 13' 16''$  W.

The light will be exhibited for the first time, on the night of November 15th, 1855, and thereafter, every night from sunset to sunrise, until further notice.

By order of the

Light-house Board :

HARTMAN BACHE,

*Maj. Topog'l Eng's Br. Maj.*

Office, 12th Light-House

District, San Francisco, Cal. }

Oct. 17, 1855. }

**LIGHT-VESSEL OFF YORK SPIT, CHESAPEAKE BAY.**—A light-vessel, schooner rigged, painted cream color, with the words "York Spit" painted in large black letters on each side, will be placed, on or about the first of December next, (1855,) off the tail of York Spit, to mark that danger, and to guide vessels bound into York river and into Mobjack bay, western shore of Chesapeake bay.

Due notice will be given of the precise day of placing this vessel at her station, with the necessary bearings and distances to mark her position.

By order of the

Light-house Board ;

A. M. PENNOCK,

*L. H. Inspector 5th District.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., }

Nov. 9, 1855. }

A fog bell has been placed on the south west side of Manana island, about one mile west of Manheigin light-house.

The bell weighs 2,500 pounds, and will for the present be rung by the hand. It will be sounded in thick weather. Pilots and masters of vessels who imagine that they are getting too near to Manheigin island, and do not hear this bell, are requested to

sound their whistles or bells, and in all cases they will be answered by the fog bell when they are heard by the keeper.

The bell is placed on a wooden frame, 24 feet high, which is joined to the keeper's house. The frame and house are painted brown.

The elevation of the bell above the level of the sea is about 55 feet.

By order of L. H. Board :

W. B. FRANKLIN,

*L. H. Inspector, 1st District.*

PORTLAND, Nov. 21, 1855.

Official information has been received at this office that the Colonial government at the Falkland Islands has given notice, that the light tower lately in course of construction on Cape Pembroke being completed, a fixed light of the natural color will be exhibited from it on and after the 1st day of December next, (1855 )

Cape Pembroke, on which a beacon has hitherto stood, forms the easternmost point of the Falkland group, and the new tower stands in latitude  $51^{\circ} 40' 20''$  S., and long.  $57^{\circ} 41' 45''$  west of Greenwich.

The illuminating apparatus is catoptric, or reflecting, and of the first order.

The light is 58-feet high, and visible from the northeastward and southward at the distance of 12 miles, but being screened to the westward, it must not be lost sight of by vessels which have made it from seaward.

A vessel entering Port William will pass it on the port hand, and the master should be careful to observe that, as the flood tide sets to the northward, and the ebb to the southward in passing Cape Pembroke, if he have a good commanding breeze, he may run between this cape and the Seal rocks (N.E. of it about 3-4 mile) with safety, but in light winds, or much swell, it is better to pass outside the Seal rocks, and to keep well to the northward of them, in order to allow for the tide.

By order of the L. H. Board :

THORNTON A. JENKINS,

Secretary.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Office L. H. Board, Nov. 10, 1855.



Official information has been received at this office that the Spanish government has given notice, that the present light at the port of Alicante will be discontinued on and after the 1st of November, 1855, and in lieu thereof a fixed red light will be exhibited at a height of 26 feet above the sea, and visible at the distance of two miles.

The new light-house stands on the extreme point of the rocks of the Mole, and bears W. 1-4 N., distant 4 miles from Cape Huerta, and N. E. by N., 7 miles distant from Cape Santa Pola.

The position of the light-house will be shifted in a direction to seaward as the construction of the Mole advances. Compass bearings—Var. 20° 30' W.

By order of the L. H. Board :

THORNTON A. JENKINS,  
Secretary.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Office L. H. Board, Nov. 12, 1855.

### Disasters.

Schr. Martin Markly, went ashore near Old Point Comfort, during the gale of night of 21st inst., and will probably prove a total loss.

Liverpool, Nov. 9.—Ship Hampton, from Shields for New York, was fallen in with on the 27th October, in a sinking state, and crew taken off by the Windermere, arrived here from Singapore. The Hampton sunk in a few hours afterwards.

Madeira, Oct. 2.—Am brig Kalefat, from Cardiff for Florida, has foundered at sea (date not reported); crew saved by the Van der Palm, Van Hees, for Singapore, arrived here from Liverpool.

Schr. Anna Maria was lost on Cape Sable, about ten days since; crew saved.

The news from the North Pacific whaling fleet confirms the loss of the ships Kingfisher, Enterprise, Edgar and Jefferson. Nothing more is said about other losses, excepting a vessel, bottom up, seen by the Metacom.

Schr. Rockport, from Rockport for Charleston, struck on the rocks at the entrance of Sea Harbor, night of 26th Oct., and with her cargo became a total loss.

Sloop Hardscrabble, from Providence, was driven ashore in Church's Harbor, near Seconet Point, during a heavy westerly blow on the 30th of Oct.

Ship Corra Linn, at this port, from Glasgow, reports: Oct. 25th, saw Br. bark Albion, of about 400 tons, water-logged and abandoned, sails blown to pieces, boats and bulwarks gone; had square timber on deck. (The crew rescued and carried to Liverpool 21st ult. by the Loo Choo, was from the Albion.)

Brig Tribune, from Nuevitas for this City, was lost on the Sugar Key, 4th Oct.

The Br. ship Ballarat, at London, from Australia, reported falling in with the American ship Cleopatra, on the 26th September, water-logged and abandoned, and saw her go down. The Cleopatra was commanded by Capt. Thayer, and sailed from Callao on the 14th August for the United States.

Ship Samuel Badger, Salter, from Trapani, which sunk near Fayal, was bound to Portsmouth, N. H., whence she hailed.

Ship Mary Ward, from Boston for New Orleans, went ashore night of 29th ult., near barque Thos. E. Baxter (reported below), and became a total loss.

Barque Thos. E. Baxter, from Savannah for Havana, was lost on Abaco 29th Oct., captain and crew saved.

Schr. Rubicon, hence for Belfast, with corn and flour, was driven ashore at Boothbay, in a gale of 12th Nov., and has probably gone to pieces.

Brig Lady of the Lake, from Boston for Jacksonville, in a heavy gale of wind, parted both chains, and went ashore about two miles South St. John's Bar, Florida, 9th Nov. No lives were lost.

Schr. Increase, from Baltimore, went ashore night of 17th Nov., on the point of Cape Henlopen, and soon after bilged and filled.

Schr. Atlas, from Bangor for Weymouth, with lumber, was totally lost night of 10th Nov. on Carr's Rock, near Sheepscot River.

Br. barque Mentor, from Boston for Savannah, was totally lost on the North Breakers of Doboy Island, about 27th Nov.

Brig Mermaid, Thayer, was totally destroyed by fire at Apalachicola, Nov. 1st, where she had just arrived from this city.

Schr. Cleopatra, reported by propeller Ospray as stranded at Faulkner's Island, was from Port Ewen for Hartford. She ran on night of 25th of Nov., and soon filled, and will probably be a total loss.

Schr. Victory, abandoned, and crew taken into Charleston, sprung a leak very suddenly on the 19th Nov., at 4 A. M., which increased with such rapidity as to render it necessary to abandon her on the afternoon of the 19th.

Capt. Watts, of the barque Emma Lincoln, arrived at New Orleans 13th inst. from Hamburg, reports, 5th Nov., off Cape Antonio, he was boarded by Capt. Neal, of British brig Kingston, of Halifax, from Falmouth, Jamaica, bound to Boston, which vessel he stated was totally lost on Cape Antonio, on the 2d.

Schr. Henry, from Bangor for Boston, was fallen in with 2d Nov., Cape Ann, W. S. W. 40 miles, in distress, and water-logged. She was capsized in a squall Nov. 28th, and righted by cutting away the mainmast.—The captain and crew were taken off and carried to Boston by the barque Mustang, from New Orleans.

Barque Peacock, Mosely, from Salem, May 13th, for Zanzibar, was wrecked night of August 6th, on a reef, near Majunga, Madagascar, and with her cargo, became a total loss.

Schr. Lane is ashore near Picton, N. S., and it is feared will be a total loss.

Schr. Exchange, from Baltimore for Wilmington, N. C., with a cargo of mdse. went ashore on the afternoon of 3d Dec., on New Inlet Bar, three quarters of a mile from the buoy. She will probably prove a total loss.

## Foreign Trade

TONNAGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

*For the year ending, June 30, 1855.*

AMERICAN.		FOREIGN.	
Entered.	Cleared.	Entered.	Cleared.
Tons, 3,861,391 4,068,979 2,083,948 2,110,332			

This amount of tonnage was employed in trade, with seventy-four foreign countries and their dependencies. Add to this the amount employed in the coasting and domestic trade, and the sum total is a striking illustration both of the growth and energy of American commerce.

## San Francisco Shipments of Gold for Nine Months.

The San Francisco Price Current furnishes a statement of the value of gold, the produce of California, manifested and shipped from that port during the quarter ending September 30th, 1855, from which we have condensed the following statement:—

SHIPMENTS FOR THE QUARTER ENDING SEP. 30, 1855.

To N. Y.	To L'don.	To Pna.	To H. Kng.
\$11,426,232 84	\$1,413,565 45	\$44,793 39	\$53,600

Showing a total for the quarter of \$12,938,191 63. The shipments during the previous six months amounted to \$18,999,290 32; being a total for the first nine months of 1855 of \$31,937,482. Shipped during the same period last year, \$37,216,831 18 exhibiting a difference in favor of 1854 of \$5,279,349 18.

An old sailor at the theatre said he supposed dancing girls wore h r clothes at half mast as a mark of respect for departed modesty.



# Cabin Boy's Locker.

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## For the Young.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Who would be a thief? I suppose there is not a child who does not think it very mean, and low, and wicked, to steal. You would despise the little boy who would put your ball or your top into his pocket, and thus steal it; and the little girl who would put a doll or a pin-cushion in her bag, and carry it home, would be despised as mean and wicked. But suppose a poor man, who was without any home, should come to your house, almost without clothing, and very hungry. You all at once pity him. You give him food to eat, and your mother looks him up some clothing. And as he goes away, warm and comfortable, your father says to him, "Here, poor man, here are *six* dollars. I have but *seven* in the world, and give you six of them, and will keep only the seventh for myself and family." Would not this be very kind and generous in your father? I know you all think it would. But suppose that poor man went away, not thankful in the least, and, in the night, came back, and broke into your house, and stole that *seventh* and *last* dollar which your father has. What would he deserve? Why, he would almost deserve the gallows. He would be an ungrateful monster, and a vile thief. But suppose, also, that in breaking into the house, to get the dollar, he had to kill several members of the family. What now do you say? Is

any punishment too severe? But take care, or you pass sentence upon yourself.

We are the poor man, and God has but seven days in the week. He gives us six of these, in which to "labor and do all our work," and keeps only the seventh for himself. And the man, or the woman or the child, who breaks the Sabbath, steals from God. Yes, he robs God. And, in doing it, he sets a wicked example, which kills the souls of others. Is not this stealing? Will you remember, then, that when you break the Sabbath, you steal from God? Are there no little thieves among my readers, who have often thus stolen from God? Now, how can God bless you and prosper you in doing so?

You see why the families who break the Sabbath, and who do not go to meeting, are generally so poor and so miserable. It is because they steal from God every seventh day of their lives; and God will not, and does not bless them in it. Merchants who keep their counting-rooms open on the Sabbath, generally fail in business, and lose all the property they have. A gentleman took notice, in New York, for twenty-five years, that every merchant who thus broke the Sabbath, failed without a single exception. And a great lawyer in this country, who helped to try very many for murder, says, that they all began their wickedness by breaking the Sabbath.

# POETRY.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

## The Sailor Boy's last look at his Mother.

"At evening twilight he took leave of me to embark. After going a few steps he turned round, and looked at me once more. *I remember how he looked.* The night following came a terrible storm, and I have never heard from him since." [So said the Mother to the Missionary.]

### I.

The canvass swelled with gentle gale,  
The evening shades drew on,  
The hour was come to spread the sail,  
The hour assigned—he must be gone.

### II.

He must be gone, my sailor boy,  
Upon the heaving main to ride,  
The son I loved, my hope my joy,  
His destined home, the Ocean wide :

### III.

Few moments more he lingers still,  
With heart to mine yet cleaving fast ;  
Emotions deep our bosoms fill—  
Our fond embrace may be the last.

### IV.

He kissed my cheek, he bade farewell—  
Though stay he would he must away  
To distant shore, where strangers dwell,  
And leave to God each coming day.

### V.

Few steps—he turned—one look he gave  
A look so sad, so full of love,  
That days and years more deep engrave  
The image nought can e'er remove.

### VI.

That look, within this heart enshrined,  
That last, that lingering, tender look,  
With daily thoughts, with dreams combined,  
Beams clear in memory's hallow'd book.

### VII.

The night set in, the skies were dark,  
The brooding clouds their mantle spread ;  
The storm howled o'er the flying bark,  
And shook my trembling heart with dread.

### VIII.

From that black night no news returned ;  
The Ocean's secrets, unrevealed,  
Profound, by human skill unlearned,  
His doom in darkness have concealed.

### IX.

Oft to the waves that beat the shore  
I breathe my sighs, my sorrows tell—  
The moaning deep repeats them o'er,  
And ceaseless sounds the funeral knell.  
J. L.

SALISBURY, CON.

## Look Aloft.

The following beautiful lines are founded upon the little story said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship boy, who was about to fall from the mast-head, and was only saved by the mate's impressive exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber." They were written by the late Jonathan Lawrence, Jr., a member of the New York bar, who died in 1833.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,  
"Look aloft !" and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,  
"Look aloft !" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.  
Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,

The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,  
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom:  
And oh, when death comes in his terrors to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

## New York, January, 1856.

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### New Year.

Standing on the threshold of a New Year, it becomes us thoughtfully to look into the future. Like the mariner embarking on an unknown sea, with nothing but past experience and a compass to direct his course, we need not only the confidence of being right, but strength and wisdom to keep so. What shall be on the morrow—who can tell? Its joys and sorrows; its successes and reverses; its calms and storms are all hidden from view. Hence the necessity of the thoughtful look out, the considerate forecast, as well as present attention to duty.

The keeper of the Light-house at Calais, in France, was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern—that it could be seen ten leagues at sea, and how many vessels had been saved from wreck by it, when a gentleman interposed,—“What if it should chance to go out one of these nights?” “Never!” he replied, “impossible! Sir,” added he, pointing to the ocean, “yonder where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months

would come a letter—perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! Oh! never.”

Most commendable vigilance Keeper—thy lantern lecture shall prompt us also to look out to sea, and thus be prepared for the morrow, though we may not in advance determine what a day shall bring forth.

In laying our course for the future—in the work of benefiting seamen—the matters most urgently claiming consideration are,—

1. What can be done to induce the owners and charterers of ships to employ only men of good moral character as masters and officers.

2. How can they be convinced that it is alike their duty and interest to pay no more advanced wages—to pay the men in their employ as builders of houses and railroads pay—



*when the work is done.*

3. How sailors can most effectually be taught self-respect, economy, and thrift, so as to ship themselves, and gradually own the ships they sail, as mechanics own their tools.

4. How the various nations on the sea shall be fused in a common brotherhood as originally made of one blood to dwell in all the face of the earth; and,

Finally, How the abundance of the sea shall the soonest be converted, and its sanctified influence extended,

"Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole."

These, and collateral thoughts stand out on the horizon of the future, bold and urgent. They demand a practical solution. They cannot be waived, or treated with neglect by those most interested as formerly, and still retain a good moral standing among men. The public conscience on these and similar topics is keener, and character is weighed in a more accurate scale than when rum was furnished with the small stores, and ships were sent to sea on the Sabbath. Men cannot make money in any business involving the oppression and wrong of others without hearing the just rebuke of a sound public sentiment; nor can they go to destruction with the same facility as when fewer obstacles interposed.

Our forecast then becomes anxiety to see what desirable changes shall be effected in seamen and their employers in 1856. What facilities and encouragements to improvement shall be afforded by the latter; and how many of the former shall be added to the present number who are an ornament to their profession, an honor to their country, and a moral blessing to every land they visit.

Some things in the future are as certain as the recorded history of the past. There will be wrecks—there will be suffering—there will be sorrow on the sea. Death will continue there its strange work. And it is no less certain that there will be spiritual changes—from death to life—from darkness to light—from sin to holiness—from extreme peril to perfect safety—from the deepest sorrow to the highest joy! For He who has promised seed time and harvest to the husbandman has also promised—Ps. 126: 6—He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Let then a wise forecast be coupled with fidelity in duty, and faith in Him whose promise is sure: so shall the New Year be happy in prospect, happy in its progress, happy in its results, and happy in its review.

### Apprentices for the Sea.

This subject is again attracting public attention, and will continue to do so with every *serious demand* for good seamen in the merchant and naval service. It is likely to come before Congress during the present session. But whatever system is adopted, we have little expectation of much relief or improvement in obtaining the right kind of men in sufficient numbers, till the chief causes which degrade and destroy them, and prevent the youth from going to sea, are removed. These causes have so often occupied our pen, and received our animadversion, that we refrain now even from naming them.

But we must reiterate our opinion, that on certain reasonable conditions, an ample number of boys and young men may easily be obtained. Let, for

example, each monthly number of the Sailor's Magazine contain the following:—

### NOTICE.

Wanted, on or before the 25th of the present month, one hundred young men and boys, from the country, between the ages of 20 and 15 years, of good constitution, and character, and willing to devote themselves to seafaring life. Their parents and guardians are hereby assured that they shall be placed under the command of good masters and officers, who will maintain a strict and rational discipline; who will thoroughly instruct them in the duties of a nautical profession, and exercise a watchful care over their moral habits. They shall have access to a good library at sea; their food shall be healthful; their lodging comfortable; their wages for the first voyage what they earn, and subsequently equal to what they would get in an ordinary trade on land; and every encouragement given the worthy to rise to eminence in their seafaring profession.

Let such a notice and assurance be given, and we most fully believe that more than one hundred would monthly report themselves for "a life on the ocean wave."

If this be so, then there are some *preliminary questions to be settled and work to be done* before a single inquiry is made for the young men and boys.

### Indebtedness to Sailors.

The following eloquent extract is from Rev. Dr. Neville's "Plea for Seamen," published in the National Preacher last month:—

And now, if the past neglect which the sailor has experienced—if the value and jeopardy of his immortal soul—if his numbers, his degradation,

his misfortunes, his hardships, his perils and his melancholy end—if these be insufficient to touch your hearts and open your hands, what additional motives can I urge in his behalf? If you have a spark of that generosity for which the sailor is so distinguished—of that gratitude for which he is so proverbial, your offerings to-night towards the emancipation of his mind from ignorance, and of his soul from vice, and of his body from oppression, will be large and liberal.

There are no individuals in this assembly who are not deeply in the sailor's debt. Men of science, what a revenue of knowledge has the sailor contributed to your treasury, and through you to the world at large.—How many weary circumnavigations of the globe has he accomplished—how many previously unknown lands has he discovered! He has enriched your cabinets with the most curious productions of foreign climes. Your records teem with his observations upon distant countries, and with speculations founded upon his researches.

Commercial men, your obligations to the seaman are of greater magnitude. He has not embarked in your service in order to determine the figure of the earth, or to observe the transit of a planet, or to ascertain the locality of the magnetic pole. You have sent him forth to do business on great waters—to traffic with the savage on his treacherous coast—to chase the leviathan on the watery waste—to bring the fabrics of the East from their distant looms, and the rich furs of the north from their frozen homes—to endure hardships, to face dangers, to abandon friends—to peril life, in order that you may be rich as princes and wealthy as kings.

I repeat—there are no individuals in this assembly who are not deeply in the sailor's debt. I see many a fashionable woman here to-night who would help to bear me out in this assertion. She is attired in the trophies of the seaman's hardihood. Those gracefully drooping plumes he brought from Africa; that magnificent shawl from Thibet; those furs which protect her from the winter's



blast, from the bleak regions of Siberia; those rich silks, from China, and those sparkling gems from the remotest islands of the Indian Ocean. In her dwelling she is surrounded with similar proofs of the sailor's daring. When she comes down in a morning she finds on her breakfast table the productions of the Indies, East and West; her eye rests upon the carpets of Turkey, the mirrors of France, and a thousand other articles of use or elegance which were produced or manufactured in distant climes.

If, again, we are interested in the conversion and civilization of the globe—if we are engaged in the mighty work of sending into heathen lands the Gospel and the temporal blessings which follow in its train, we are indebted to the sailor for carrying into effect the benevolent design.

If we have any love of country, and regard for those who protect its trade, defend its rights, maintain its honor, how can we feel otherwise than under the deepest obligation to the gallant sailor who is continually hazarding his life for these ends?

I leave his cause, then, in your hands. Assist him with a little of that wealth for which some of you are so largely indebted to his bravery and fortitude. Add your name to the list of the contributors to this Society, and you will not only have the pleasure of knowing that you have discharged a duty and performed a charitable deed, but in that day when the sea shall give up its dead, you may have the unspeakable satisfaction of receiving the blessing of thousands who were ready to perish, had not you compassionated their sorrows and relieved their sufferings. AMEN.

### Havre Chaplaincy.

*Psalm cxxvi. illustrated.*

DEAR BRO.,—The steamer is just leaving—no time to write but just to say, that my heart is full of hope and gratitude to God, for what he is per-

mitting me to see. It does really seem that the Lord is returning in mercy to this place and to our chapel; the last few Sabbaths, we have had such an unusual increase of sailors crowding into the chapel, that it has astonished the people who have been in the habit of attending. One gentleman last Sabbath evening, after the assembly was dismissed, gave me his hand, and said: "I have attended this chapel ever since it has been built, but I never saw the like before,"—and the whole assembly was as solemn as the house of death. I thought it best to appoint an extra prayer-meeting, and last evening, though suffering severely with the headache, from the labors of the Sabbath, I went and found the reading-room crammed full of captains, mates and sailors; and it was a most solemn meeting. Some young sailors anxiously enquiring the way to Christ.

In haste, but sincerely yours,

E. N. SAWTELL.

### Additional Good Tidings.

From three other important ports we hear of a similar awakened interest among seamen—a crowding into the chapels to hear the gospel preached, and an increasing desire to know what they must do to be saved. "Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest! Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." These indications are refreshing as the showers after a season of drought. They strengthen faith, and encourage to renewed and persevering efforts to gather the harvest of the sea. Let, then, those who like the prophet of God on Mount Carmel, look seaward for blessings, feel the grateful assurance that their



Prayerful fidelity is receiving its reward;—that whatever may oppose the conversion of the abundance of the sea, it shall be accomplished.

**THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.**—A man in the State of New-York, who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began whipping them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of most horrid blasphemous oaths. The oxen breaking loose from their burthen, ran to the house, while their owner in a passion pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began whipping them again, and swearing horridly as before. His little boy, at this time justold enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths over after him. No sooner did the father hear this, than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropt his whip, sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect that he found no rest to his mind, day or night, until his sins were forgiven.

**AN OLD MAN'S REBUKE.**—A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words 'devil,' 'deuce,' etc. and who, at last, took the name of God in vain. 'Stop, sir,' said the old man, 'I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine.'

**TRIALS.**—A Christian without trials would be like a mill without wind or water; the contrivance and design of the wheel-work withinside would be unnoticed and unknown without something to put it in motion without. Nor would our graces grow unless they were called into exercise; the trials and difficulties we meet with not only prove, but also strengthen the graces of the Spirit.—[Newton.

**BELIEVE IN CHRIST.**—This was the direction of Paul and Silas to the

Phillipian jailor. Stay not questioning his willingness, for 'every one that asketh receiveth—doubt not his power, for he is able to save to the uttermost'—plead not your unfitness, for though you are not worthy you are welcome.

### Account of Monies,

From Nov. 15th to Dec. 15th, 1855.

#### Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Oliver Brown, Nth. Stonington, Ct., by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Williams, Norwich, Ct., (amount acknowledged below)

William A. Buckingham, 2d, by Wm. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Ct., (amount ackd. below)

Mrs. N. C. Reynolds, Norwich, Ct., (amount ackd. below)

Joseph F. Barns, by Capt. Acor's Barnes, New London, Ct., (amount ackd. below)

Capt. Daniel Crocker, by A. F. Prentis, New London, Ct., (amount acknowl'g. below)

Rev. N. B. Cook, Mystic, Ct., by First Congl. Society, Stonington, Ct. 20 00

Mrs. E. D., N. Y. 20 00

Rev. J. R. Adams, by Congl. Soc., Gorham, Me. 20 00

Mrs. Sophia E. Bond, by Con. Soc., Hallowell, Me., (amt. prev. acknow.)

Blanchard Nichols, by Individuals in Pres. Church, Bedford, N. H. 20 00

J. E. French, by Jas. French, Bedford, N. H. 20 00

Deacon John Plummer, by Con. Soc., South Berwick, Me., (in part) 16 14

#### Donations.

From Con. Society, Farmington, Ct. 33 48

" Mrs. T., of Waterbury, Ct. 2 00

" Meth. Epis. Ch., Danbury, Ct. 15 20

From Con. Ch. and Soc. of New Milford, Ct.	12 25
" Con. Soc., Hartland, Vt.	7 69
" Members of Second Con. Soc., Norwich, Ct.	146 00
" By ladies of Sec'd Con. Soc., Norwich, Ct.	84 90
" Members of Fifth Cong- reg. Soc., Norwich, \$20 02, by the Ladies	68 02
" Members of Epis. Ch., Norwich, viz., Wm. P. Green,	25 00
" J. L. Green	15 00
" Individuals	15 00
" First Con. Soc., Nor- wich, Ct.	62 58
" First Con. Soc., Leban- on, Ct.	39 54
" Members of Second Con. Soc., New Lon- don, Ct.	76 75
" Members of First Con. Soc., New London, Ct., (in part.)	61 00
" Captain Wm. Billings, New London	5 00
" Con. Soc., Greenfield, N. H.	5 00
" Con. Soc., Hollis, N. H.	29 55
" First Con. Soc., Man- chester, N. H.	41 75
" Reform. Dutch Church Stuyvesant, N. Y.	8 97
" Reform. Dutch Church, Kinderhook	46 36
" South Ref. Dutch Ch., Fifth Av., N. Y.	40 62
" A Friend in Indianapolis, Ind., \$16 20, for Sab- bath Manuals; \$20 for Bibles and Testaments to be distributed among seamen	81 20
" Pres. Church, Pokeep- sie, N. Y., (balance)	5 00
" Richmond street Ch., Providence, R. I.	30 87
" Con. Society, Goshen, Ct.	20 00
" Friends of Seamen's cause, Dunbarton, N. H.	16 00
" Central Pres. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	25 00

From A few Friends in Hart- ford, Ct., for shipwreck- ed sailors	42 00
" A Friend, New York; Large Bethel Flag, for Lahaina, Sandwich Is- lands	
" Rev. A. S. Cheese- brough, Meriden, Ct.	1 00
" Pres. Ch., Bedford, N. H.	10 00
" Cong. Ch. and Society, Betnel, Ct.	10 02
	<hr/> 1,142 74

### *Sailor's Home, N. Y.*

From Mrs. B. O. Canfield, Morris-  
town, N. J. 14 flannel shirts, 10  
sheets, 5 pillow cases, 1 quilt.

### *Receipts into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.*

Bowdoin st. Ch., Boston	122 13
Shawmut Ch. "	62 90
Sherborn, Rev. Mr. Dowe's Ch. (adl.)	5 00
Ladies' Bethel Soc., Hopkin- ton, to make Mrs. N. P. Coburn L. M.	20 00
Royalston, Rev. Mr. Ballard's Soc.	64 52
Beverly, Washington street Ch.	15 45
Easthampton, a Thanksgiving offering	7 00
Nashua, Olive street Soc.	42 46
" 1st Congregational Soc., to make Rev. Geo B. Jewett and Mrs. Mary J. Jewett L. M.	45 04
Dracutt, a Friend	9 00
Newton, Centre Congrega- tional Soc.	34 44
Orland, Me., Congregational Soc.	12 50
Reading, Bethesda Soc., to make Dea. Jabez D. Par- ker L. M.	25 00
Wells, Me.	7 00
Shirby Congl. Soc.	7 00
Roxboro Congl. Soc.	2 15
South Weymouth, 2d Cong. Soc.	11 34
Mansfield Orthodox Soc.	16 15
Boston, Old South Church	105 41
" Phillips Church	42 42